

The President Attends Meeting With Mrs. Wilson and Miss Bones

The President was accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and Miss Helen Woodrow Bones when he attended the meeting of the National Grange at the Raleigh Hotel last evening and gave the address of welcome.

Miss Helen Woodrow Bones occupied the White House box at the concert given by the Philadelphia Orchestra at the New National yesterday afternoon. Among others in the boxes were Mrs. E. K. Keene, wife of the Swedish Minister; Mrs. Robert Lansing; Mrs. David F. Houston; Mrs. Woodbury Blair; Mrs. William Corcoran; Mrs. Eustis; Mrs. William Crozier; Mrs. Murray Cobb; Mrs. I. C. Copley; Mrs. William Phillips; Mrs. Henry Kirt Foster; Mrs. George McLanahan; and Mrs. Calverton Carls.

Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Emile Montgomery will entertain at dinner, followed by a theater party on Monday evening, in compliment to their debutante daughter, Miss Anna Montgomery.

An interesting address on his experience at the French front was given by Mr. John Barrett, director general of the Pan-American Union, at the Washington Club last evening. Mr. Barrett was the guest of the Mary Washington Chapter, D. A. R. Among those invited to hear Mr. Barrett's address were the State regent and State officers, and chapter regents and their officers.

Miss Westcott presents Miss Rosalie Miller in a recital in the ballroom of the New Willard this evening at 9 o'clock. The patronesses are: Mrs. Ernest P. Becknell; Mrs. Willard D. Bissell; Mrs. Roger A. Fisher; Mrs. Bush-Brown; Mrs. Ward Brown; Mrs. Edward H. Bouton; Mrs. Eugene E. Byrnes; Mrs. Jean Dean Cole; Mrs. Edward H. Droop; Mrs. David Fairchild; Mrs. Howard Fischer; Mrs. Alice C. Fisher; Mrs. Katherine Jerome Gilman; Mrs. Gilbert Groves; Mrs. William P. Gude; Mrs. Julia Clives Harrison; Mrs. James H. Hensley; Mrs. William F. Hillebrand; Mrs. Baker Hall; Mrs. George H. Hensley; Mrs. Charles Trowbridge Tittmann; Mrs. John Van Schaick; Mrs. Elizabeth R. Walton; Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley and Mrs. Sidney Lloyd Wright.

Miss Miller is a young American artist, who returns from Europe for her first season in her own country. Miss Miller possesses a dramatic soprano voice of color and warmth and is furthermore a gifted violinist, having studied four years with Ottakar Sevcik in Vienna.

Miss Margaret Fahnestock will join her mother, Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, in New York today to remain until the end of the week. Miss Fahnestock will be the guest of honor at a dinner which Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fahnestock will give in New York this evening, taking the party later to the opera.

Miss Katherine Scriven, daughter of Brig. Gen. George P. Scriven, U. S. A., was hostess at bridge yesterday afternoon, entertaining in compliment to her house guest, Miss Dorothy Smith. The other guests were: Miss Emily Chase; Miss Nannie Chase; Misses Cameron; Miss Betty Voorhis; Miss Ada Huslingham; Miss Nellie Johnson; Miss Ruth Gracie; Miss Clara Kingsbury and Miss L. L. Smith.

Miss Smith's father, Brig. Gen. A. L. Smith, has been ordered to Washington and his daughters will join him here later in the winter.

Dr. W. H. Wilmer, of Washington, is spending a few days in New York city and is stopping at the Wolcott Hotel.

Miss Penhaghton Butler has selected Wednesday, November 22, as the date of her wedding to Capt. Thomas D. Woodson, Medical Corps, U. S. A. The ceremony will be performed at Elliott, the estate of her parents, the former Senator and Mrs. Woodson, at Washington, D. C. Miss Butler, who is visiting Miss Mary Lord Andrews, was the guest of honor at a small dinner, followed by a theater party, given Monday evening by Mrs. George P. Porter.

Mr. A. C. Downing and the Misses Downing entertained informally at bridge yesterday afternoon in compliment to Mrs. Hugo W. Osterhaus, wife of Lieut. Commander Osterhaus, U. S. N. Mrs. Osterhaus, who was formerly Miss Helen Downing, has just taken place at the Avondale for the winter, while Commander Osterhaus is on sea duty.

A few additional guests were asked for tea later in the afternoon.

Mrs. Thomas C. Dawson will entertain the ex-president of Panama and Mrs. Porras at dinner this evening at Chevy Chase Club.

An interesting wedding of today is that of Miss Helen Crennan and Mr. William E. Braithwaite, which will take place this evening in the home of the former's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Dubois. There will be no attendants. The ceremony, which will be very simple and witnessed only by the relatives and a few intimate friends, will be performed at 8 o'clock by the Rev. Clarence Vincent, pastor of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church. Mr. Braithwaite and his bride will take a short wedding trip, and will be at home later on at the Wellington. Mrs. Benjamin Edgerton, of Denver, Colo., aunt of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, of Martinsburg, W. Va., parents of the bridegroom, and Mrs. John Bartell, of Toledo, Ohio, aunt of the bride, are among the out-of-town guests who have come for the wedding. Mr. Braithwaite

is preceptor and soloist in the Gurney Memorial Church, and Miss Crennan is a cultivated mezzo soprano, who has been heard frequently as a soloist. She was for several years soprano soloist in the Vermont Avenue Christian Church, is a member of the Rubinstein Club, and well known in the musical circles of the city.

Miss Anita Helena Heilmuller and Mr. Eugene Martin Foster will be married this afternoon in the Concordia Lutheran Church. The bride will be attended by her sister, Helen Heilmuller, as maid of honor; Mr. Charles Foster, brother of the bridegroom, will be best man, and the ushers will include Mr. David H. Foster and Mr. Ryal E. Foster, brothers of the bridegroom; Mr. R. McKnight and Mr. N. E. Billow. A reception for the relatives and social party only will follow the ceremony in the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Albert A. Heilmuller, 1506 Twenty-second street.

Many prominent women are interesting themselves in the success of the annual bazaar to be given by the ladies of the Rector's Aid Society of St. Margaret's Church, on Friday, November 17, at 8 o'clock, from 3 till 10 o'clock. A table d'hôte dinner from 5 to 8 will be a feature of the bazaar this season. Mrs. Alfred G. Eldridge has chosen a group of pretty girls who will act as waitresses. There will be an experienced and gifted band to provide the music, and among those who will preside at the various booths are Mrs. Alexander T. Britton, Miss Caroline Smith, Mrs. W. H. Herron and Mrs. H. B. Soule.

Gen. George P. Scriven, who is on an inspection trip in Texas, accompanied by Mrs. Scriven, will return to Washington about December 1.

Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Stephen Slocum, Mrs. William Phillips and Mrs. George Myers have taken all the boxes at the ball to be given at the Playhouse on November 22 in aid of the American fund for French wounded and of the British-American war relief fund.

HOUSEWIFE'S DAILY ECONOMY CALENDAR

GRAVY FACTS.

By FRANCES MARSHALL.

If you can make good gravy you have climbed at least one rung on the ladder of cookery efficiency. There is another little gravy truisim, and that is that the housewife who does not make gravy to serve with meat is not economical, for she does not make use of the richly flavored extractive juices from the meat. Although modern dieticians tell us that these extractive juices do not necessarily contain much nourishment, they surely are well worth conserving as they add immensely to the flavor of the dish with which they are served, and they give a good foundation for a thickened flour addition that is itself highly nourishing.

In making roasts of all sorts by basting with a little fat, and a little water in the bottom of the roasting pan, and adding to this from time to time as the water absorbs, there will be considerable juice in the pan at the time the meat is taken up. Besides this juice there will be considerable fat, and this is full of flavor. Place the meat on a crockery dish and put it in a cool oven and after pouring off the surface grease from the dripping pan put it on the stove over a low flame with the addition of a cupful of water. Stir vigorously mixing the water with the crust in the bottom of the pan. In the meantime have ready a flour and water mixture free from lumps, made in the proportion of a tablespoonful of flour to a half a cupful of water. Now, still stirring the gravy mixture, add a little at a time the flour and water mixture, and continue mixing till it has thickened. Should it be necessary to wait any time before serving the meat pour the gravy into a double boiler and let it remain over water till time to serve.

For stews and all sorts of pot-cooked meats the juice in which the meat has been boiled should be boiled down to about a pint for a family of six. The grease should be removed and the remaining juice thickened as in the case of the roasted meat.

It is always a good idea to rid the gravy of as much of the grease as is possible and in order to do this effectively it is sometimes practical to cool the juice slightly and then insert in it a piece of ice to which the grease will cling. Dip the ice into the juice several times and eventually the grease will have disappeared.

Sometimes it is a good idea not to reduce the amount of liquid in the stewpan after cooking a stew or ragout. Although cooking it down makes it stronger in flavor, quantity is sometimes an object much to be desired. If the meat is to be served over the next day as croquettes or minced on toast this additional gravy will be very useful and the United States of Gravy serves bread and vegetables makes a very acceptable luncheon without any meat.

(Copyright, 1916.)

YOUR WEDDING DAY

And the Famous Men and Women Who Have Shared It.

Nov. 15—Joseph Chamberlain and Marie Endicott.

By MARY MARSHALL.

Twenty-eight years ago today Joseph Chamberlain, the English statesman, was married to Marie Endicott, daughter of President Charles Francis Adams. A year before the marriage Chamberlain had come to the United States as chairman of the Fish Commission, and though he was unsuccessful in negotiating the proposed fisheries treaty with the United States, which was the result of a successful negotiation of a marriage alliance with one of the most attractive young women in Washington, and in this spite of the fact that he was past 50, and had been married twice before.

A bold Briton, read the newspaper headlines at the time the engagement was announced, but as a matter of fact the American girl had the better of the bold Briton when it came to the wedding. He passed his hand across his eyes as if to shut out the intruding thought, but it persisted. He rose to his feet and strayed uneasily into the hall and toward the veranda.

He came to a halt at the front door, his gaze roaming down the street. Then, a smile of pleasure wreathed the firm corner of his mouth. For an automobile was approaching. As it drew up, he saw his daughter and Bob Clayton. They had evidently turned back, in their ride, for something they had forgotten. For they were drawing up at the curb in front of the house.

A little newboy, passing along the sidewalk, figured on a chance to earn a possible dime. Jumping forward, he flung out one arm to open the tonneau door for the new bridegroom, and, losing his balance, he rolled headlong under the car.

Clayton had not quite brought the auto to a halt, and the mud-guard caught the youngster full on the shoulder. The impact sent him down and half-dead with fright, directly under the front wheels.

The wheels, coming to a stop, barely grazed him. Florence cried out in horror. Both she and Clayton sprang to the ground to look after the motionless little huddle of humanity lying so quiet there under the car fender.

Dr. Montrose, too, came out of the house on a run. Clayton, pale from the shock of having possibly killed the little fellow, gathered the limp body in his arms and, directed by the doctor, carried it into the house and laid it at full length on the hall table. Dr. Montrose knelt beside the boy, running skilled fingers over him in search of the injury. Presently, as the doctor worked over him, the patient opened his eyes.

"Not a word," he whispered in awe. "Go! I thought you were!" Dr. Montrose laughed in sheer relief.

The Crimson Stain Mystery

Novelized by ALBERT PAYSON TERNHUNE.

From the Consolidated Motion Picture Triumph.

Copyright, 1914, by Consolidated Film Corporation.

CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY'S PAPER.

Dr. Montrose had reopened his medicine case as it lay on the hall table, and was arranging some of the bottles strapped along its sides. He had returned from a professional call, and had not readjusted the contents of the cases before leaving the sick room he had been visiting.

"Do you remember," he asked, "when you were a little girl, how eager you used to be to play with this medicine satchel of mine? I couldn't get you to keep your hands off it. You were forever asking which phials held poison and which held life."

"I remember," she laughed, "and I still feel a sort of morbid interest in it. I used to beg you to give me a case like this for Christmas. It was the only thing you ever refused me."

"It is the only thing I ever could have had the heart to refuse you," he said fondly. "My most haunting fear in life has always been that some harm might some time befall you. You are all I have, and what chance would I have if I lost you?"

"You would break my heart and my life with it. Always remember that, my darling."

She drew her head down to her own and kissed him. He put his arms lovingly about her, but first he carefully laid aside one of the tiny phials he had taken from the case.

"You handle that miserable little bottle as if you were afraid it might explode," she teased him. "What's in it that's so precious? A potion to make patients pay their bills?"

"Worse than that," he returned, in the same vein. "It would send them where there are no bills to pay. That is one of the deadliest poisons known to the pharmacopoeia. It is hydrocyanic acid. I had the phial in here because I was using the drug in an experiment. A very few drops of this would mean almost instant death."

"That's why you handle it so gingerly," she asked. "Well, you needn't. Don't you see it is empty?"

"Empty?" he echoed, looking closer at it. "Why, so it is! I must remember to fill it. I have a supply bottle of it in my laboratory."

He put the empty flask in his pocket, but he might not forget to replenish it.

"There comes Bob Clayton," said Florence, looking out toward the walk. "Good-by, daddy!"

She moved toward the door. Dr. Montrose, following her, welcomed young Clayton courteously, and watched the two drive away together in the new car. Then, slowly, he turned his steps to the library.

His paramount thought, then, was concerned with the success of a certain experiment, and for more than an hour he sat in his big leather chair reading a treatise by a highly respected authority. Suddenly into the midst of his scientific deliberations a disturbing thought made its insidious way. Something, perhaps it was mental telepathy, whispered to him that all was not well with Florence.

A year before the marriage Chamberlain had come to the United States as chairman of the Fish Commission, and though he was unsuccessful in negotiating the proposed fisheries treaty with the United States, which was the result of a successful negotiation of a marriage alliance with one of the most attractive young women in Washington, and in this spite of the fact that he was past 50, and had been married twice before.

A bold Briton, read the newspaper headlines at the time the engagement was announced, but as a matter of fact the American girl had the better of the bold Briton when it came to the wedding. He passed his hand across his eyes as if to shut out the intruding thought, but it persisted. He rose to his feet and strayed uneasily into the hall and toward the veranda.

He came to a halt at the front door, his gaze roaming down the street. Then, a smile of pleasure wreathed the firm corner of his mouth. For an automobile was approaching. As it drew up, he saw his daughter and Bob Clayton. They had evidently turned back, in their ride, for something they had forgotten. For they were drawing up at the curb in front of the house.

the arch criminal and his lieutenants were out for no good purpose. Hailing a second taxi that chanced to be passing, Montrose gave chase. Night had fallen.

In a tumbled district at that time stood Algier's Dance Hall; a plague spot of the neighborhood; one of the very last of the old-time dives that used to blacken the good name of the lower East Side.

In front of Algier's drew up the taxi containing the men whom Montrose was trailing. La Rue, Tanner and Kiel got out and went into the place. A moment or so later Montrose stealthily followed.

He was just in time to see the three pass into a private room at the end of the hall. The doctor made his way to a table that stood close to the door of this room. His hat pulled low over his brow, he sat down, ordered a drink (which he did not touch) and waited. He could hear nothing in the private room.

But presently a waiter went thither; apparently in response to a touch of the bell. In the second the door was open Montrose could see the three grouped at a table.

Montrose's one superseding thought was to lay his hands on Pierre La Rue. A wave of anger and hatred surged over him. He clasped and unclasped his hands many times, as if they were itching to twine themselves around the hairy throat of the human brute. How long he waited, how many minutes he counted, as each minute passed and the door still remained closed, his anger swelled higher and higher, until finally losing all patience, he rose to his feet, and, gripping a heavy oaken chair, hurled it at the door with all his strength.

For an instant he hesitated, as he saw the master criminal disappearing through the window, he thrust Tanner and Kiel, who would interfere, aside and flung himself out after him.

The minute's start, however, was enough for the Crimson Stain leader. In that brief interval of time he managed to spring into a waiting taxi-cab and be whirled away to safety. Montrose immediately gave chase.

Two blocks away, as pursued and pursued flashed around the corner on two wheels, barely missing a trolley car, two policemen caught sight of the fear-distraught face of Pierre La Rue in the leading taxi-cab. Some-thing at once they had seen a photograph of him, and, realizing instantly who he was, the minions of the law commanded a passing automobile and joined the chase.

Needless of traffic policemen's challenges, disregarding all danger and warnings, the machines fairly flew through the crowded streets of the lower East Side, endangering life and property, and scattering half's breath. Further north as the progress of the congestion became less, and the machines increased their speed correspondingly until to the startled beholders they looked like streaks of chain lightning crackling along the pavement. Faster and faster they sped, each occupant threatening, calling, pleading with his driver to make no more speed, more speed. But the machines were too evenly balanced, and the only hope of each was that the other's car would break down under the terrific strain. Try as he could Pierre could not throw off his relentless pursuers.

Presently they left the city behind them. Before them stretched the exclusive Riverdale section, where Dr. Montrose lived. As they reached the Montrose home Pierre flung some bills at his driver, jumped out and dashed into the house, colliding with Florence.


For an instant she stared at him. Then she screamed. The suddenness of it shattered Pierre's decision. He hesitated. Before he could gather himself to flee Montrose burst into the room. Like a whirlwind Montrose swept down upon him. Throwing his muscular arms about Pierre, the doctor seized him by the neck of his coat, and, with a swift sweeping gesture, he tore off Pierre's disguise, revealing, to his great amazement, Felix!

"You!" he managed to articulate. From outside suddenly came the crash of shifting gears and the whine of worn-out brakes quickly applied. The reaction caused Montrose to stagger, and the pursuing policemen were at the door. He turned to Florence.

"Not a word," he whispered hurriedly. "The police are at the door. Felix is not the Crimson Stain. I want to save him. I will explain all later."

Quickly he shoved Felix behind some furniture. With a chair he thrust out a pane of glass in the window and overturned several pieces of furniture just as the policemen came flying into the room.

"Out that way!" cried Montrose, pointing to the broken window. The two policemen plunged out in pursuit. Felix came crouching out from his hiding place and, with a sneer at the doctor, started for the stairs. Montrose made as if to follow, but Florence's restraining hand deterred him.



FRITZ KREISLER

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Large (arranged by Kreisler)	44327	12 1.50
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Meditation from Thais—Intermezzo Religieuse	44330	12 1.50
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Schön Rosmarin (Fair Rosamarin)	44334	10 1.00
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Savoye Dance, No. 1 (in E Minor)	44336	10 1.00
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Swiss River (Old Folks at Home)	44339	10 1.00
Tambourin Chinois (Opus No. 3)	44340	12 1.50
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R. S. DOWNS, Manager.

FOUNDRY M. E. CHURCH LEADS MISSION WORK

Baltimore, Nov. 14.—Foundry Church, of Washington, led the districts of the Baltimore M. E. Conference in funds raised for the year, as shown by the report read at the thirty-first annual meeting in Broadway M. E. Church today. Mr. Whitford McDowell, of Washington, president, presiding. The amount raised by the Home Missionary Societies of Foundry Church is \$11,642.28.

The total increase in funds raised by the Home Missionary Societies of the conference is \$5,032.32, with seventeen new organizations and 484 new members since the meeting last year.

The national slogan of the conference, "More Faith," was responded to by Mrs. W. B. Fowles, treasurer of the board, Howard Downs, of Washington; Mrs. Hamilton Fox, and Mrs. E. Don Hoffman also spoke.

MISSION FUNDS GROW.

M. E. Church Raises \$1,933,256.31 for Foreign Field.

New York, Nov. 14.—In spite of disturbed conditions owing to the European war, the total receipts of the Board of Christian Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1916 were \$1,933,256.31. This shows a total increase of \$22,682.61 over 1915, which had held the record as a banner year.

Much enthusiasm followed the announcement of these figures by Dr. George M. Fowles, treasurer of the board, at the first session of its annual meeting. Of the amount named, special gifts, to be applied to mission work, reached \$50,000. These special gifts exceeded last year's by \$308,914.63.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW NATIONAL

TONIGHT, 8:15
Mat. Saturday
MATINEE TODAY, 2:15
J. B. Woods Presents
JANE COWL
—IN—
COMMON CLAY
By LEVY KINKAD
One Year at Belmont Theater, New York

NEXT WEEK—SEATS TOMORROW

MONTGOMERY AND STONE
In CHIN CHIN
Prices: \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00. Mat. orders received.

BURTON HOLMES

5 SUNDAY EVENINGS, 8:30
Canada Coast to Coast. Nov. 19
Canadian Rockies. Nov. 20
Imperial Britain. Dec. 3
The German Fatherland. Dec. 10
La Belle France. Dec. 17

Concessions: 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00. Single tickets for all lectures on and after Nov. 17, 9c. 7c. 5c.

FRITZ KREISLER RECITAL

National Theater, Thurs. Nov. 16, 8:30.
Prices: \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00. Single tickets for all lectures on and after Nov. 17, 9c. 7c. 5c.

BELASCO

TONIGHT, 8:20
Mat. Today, 2:15 to 2:30.
Farwell—POSITIVE LAST VISIT—Farwell
MR. E. H. SOTHERN
In "IF I WERE KING"
In aid of the British Red Cross
"MERCY KNOWS NO ENEMY."

DIAGHILEFF'S BALLET-RUSSE

With Nijinsky
From the Metropolitan Opera Co.
Orchestra of Seventy-five.
PIERRE MONTAUX, Conductor.
Belasco Theater—Three Evenings.
Monday, Nov. 20—Sylphides, Princess Esméralda, Prince Igor, Carmen.
Tuesday, Nov. 21—Fata Morgana, Spectre de la Rose, Scherzando.
Wednesday, Nov. 22—Sylphides, Prince Igor, Prince, Carnival.
Season Prices—Boxes, \$200, \$100, \$50, \$25, \$10, \$5; Orchestra, \$5, \$2.50, \$1.50, \$1.00, \$0.50, \$0.25, \$0.10, \$0.05, \$0.02, \$0.01. Single Performances—Boxes, \$75, \$35, \$20, \$10, \$5, \$2.50, \$1.50, \$1.00, \$0.50, \$0.25, \$0.10, \$0.05, \$0.02, \$0.01. Seats now on sale at Drexel's 13th and G sts. and Belasco Theater.

For All Complexion Ills

If the skin be colorless, sallow, muddied, over-red, blotchy, or streaked with nothing will so surely overcome the condition as ordinary mercurized wax. It literally takes off the scales of dirt, the scales of dead and near-dead particles of surface skin, gently, gradually, causing no inconvenience at all. A new complexion is then evidenced, clear, spotless, delicate, soft and beautiful. One ounce of this wax, procurable at any drugstore, will rejuvenate even the worst complexion. It is used like cold cream.—Adv.

AMUSEMENTS.

B. F. KEITH'S

Twice a Week
Every Day
Night
Note—Thursday, Parade Night, Show Begins 9:15 o'clock.
ENJOYED EVERY NUMBER—Star.
STELLA MAYHEW and Billie Taylor.
HERMIE SHANNON & Co. (Chic. Sal.)
Seven O'clock, Next Week—Dorothy Jordan, Lew Dockstader, Wm. Guston, etc.

POLY'S THEATRE

TONIGHT, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 1